

THE BREEZE

COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER ::::: 1914



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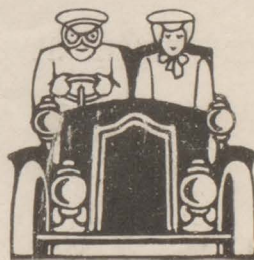
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St. Clair, Mich

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EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR	- - - -	GRACE M. BUGGEE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	- -	LENA M. VORIES
ADVERTISING MANAGER	-	MYRON W. SMITH
BUSINESS MANAGER	- -	ARTHUR LIVELY
CUTS	- - - -	GLADYS GREENING

ST. CLAIR HIGH SCHOOL

THE FACULTY



PHILIP M. KEEN, Superintendent

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."



IDA M. TALLMADGE, Principal

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,,
To warn, to comfort and command."



BEATRICE WOODWARD

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."



JANET CRITTENDEN

"Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages."



MARY BUCK

"At length I saw a lady within call
 Stillter than chiselled marble standing there
 A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
 And most divinely fair."



HELEN HOLMES

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
 An excellent thing in woman."

CLASS HISTORY

The following is a series of quotations taken from the diary of a small boy, whose big brother is a member of the graduating class of 1914 of St. Clair High School:

September 6, 1910—Justin was kinda anxious to get back to school today. He is a freshman this year and I'm dreadful lonesome. He hardly notices me any more. He talks about "Bill," and Tubby and Chet all the time. I can't see anything so great about them.

September 8, 1910—Justin don't like school so well today. Guess he must have been left out when the back seats were handed out. I thought it would be funny if one of them fine teachers didn't get next to him pretty quick. But he might have been called down 'cause I've heard they don't lick 'em in high school. Kinda wish I was up there, if that is truth.

September 9, 1910—I noticed that Art has been toting his physiography books home lately, when he didn't forget and leave it on our steps. He's most wore out the first page.

October 15, 1910—All those big kids talk about now is the president of their class. They 'lected Sayre Currie. Wonder what they do with a president anyway. Nothing most likely. Just sounds big. But Miss Kaye told them if they didn't behave they wouldn't have him long. Justin tho't it would be better to have a sergeant-at-arms, but I don't know what he meant.

November 10, 1910—I never knew before that boys were so fond of girls' company before. I ain't. But Chet left the fellers to walk home with Gladys.

April 10, 1911—Jim and me was over to Currie's last night with a bunch of kids outside—but the freshmen had all the chairs inside. Art didn't seem to be a bit bashful with the girls. Crazy games they played.

June 12, 1911—That big brother of mine brought all his books home. Tho't maybe he had quit, but he said only get-

ting ready for blasted examinations, and the face he made was a sight.

June 20, 1911—The big fellers got their report cards today. So did I, but I didn't say nothing 'bout it. They showed theirs all 'round.

September 5, 1911—Bill, Art, Justin and me all started school again. Awful hot. Too hot for some of 'em. Got a new teacher at high school and the boys say she is a dandy. Her name is Miss Woodward. Then there is another and her name is Miss Ransom. She's some teacher the fellers said. Wish't I'd get a new one. But maybe I'll pass next year, if I'm more careful 'bout my grammar.

Sept. 20, 1911—Eo sibi mimis dubitationis! What that means I must find out. It ain't in Webster's dictionary. I looked. Must be a secret for Bill sort of talks it to himself all the time.

Nov. 29, 1911—A class party was up to Bill Smith's tonight and I went up to see the fun. I'm sleepy but I'd better write down what happened so when I git to H. S. we can play games like that. They called it Letter Fly, and every now and then some one would soak a wet towel at the one that was blindfolded.

April 6—Jim and me are selling tickets for the Declamatory Contest. Don't know what it is but I'm hoping we sell enough to git in free.

April 12—Jim and me sold our tickets and went. It was fun. Speakin' was great. After that each class got up and yelled. Never heard Justin yell so loud before, except when pa used the strap on him. Can't yell like that in our room. But those high schoolers do have the priviledges. Gladys G. and Mary got first and second places. That's an honor so they say. Must look that up tomorrow.

May 4—The Botany class is a pressin' flowers till there stiff and then stickin' 'em in a book. Awful job so they say. But Bill says it can't come up to translatin' Caesar. Wonder what kind of a performance that is. Guess I'll take Botany coz you git out to walk sometimes.

July 16—Nothing to do but chop wood and play. B'lieve I'd ruther go to school.

September 9, 1912—We all went to school together. Guess I'd better look to my grammar cuz I got a new teacher.

November 3, 1912—Justin most missed his supper tonight and pa asked him where he'd been. Writin' an algebray exam. he said. I should think Mr. Keen might have had a little refreshments for 'em.

October 11, 1912—Gladys G. was 16 today, but can't apply the rest of the verse this time—cuz, Oh! no it wasn't Art, or Bill or Justin tho' I bet they're sorry they're so slow. But some one did smart senior Chet said. I told him he was jealous. Guess I hit it right that time.

November 1912—Chet had a nice girl in the buggy this morning. She's got pretty brown eyes. Justin said he guessed it must have been Ethel Douglass.

January 3, 1913—Dandy day for rabbits. Justin went but I didn't.

January 4, 1913—Glad I couldn't go with Justin. He had to do all the hard algebray problems next day. Guess Mr. Keen is next to him all right.

January 8, 1913—Bill and Jud ain't a speakin' to Art any more. He was the only one that got asked to the senior sleighride. Guess it does pay to be nice to the girls.

February 7, 1913—Regular July 4th in chemistry today so the kids said. Bill was scared terrible. He dropped something that he ought to have hung on to. He even turned white. Must have been awful!

March 25—My but I'm sleepy, but I enjoyed the party from the fire escape. It was great. The seniors entertained the junior bunch. Somebody played the piano, and the rest danced. Why do they have music and dancin' at the same time? I must find out. Ice cream was the best ever.

May 10—The seniors entertained Justin's class—in the kindergarten. Good place for them all right. Me and Jim was there of course. Judging by the looks, the party was a lawn affair, so many walkin' 'round between times.

May 26—Best time ever at high school. We didn't sell tickets for this show, 'cause they didn't give any free ones. Justin was sheriff and arrested the villain. They had supper on the stage too, but no handout's this time. The girls wuz mighty pretty too. Can't blame Art for likin' 'em.

June 5—The juniors had a banquet tonight. That is what they called it banquet. Swell feed I'd say. They made a heap

of money at their show and didn't know how to spend their money. 'Twas a good way, all right.

September 2, 1913—I saw Miss Buck, the new German teacher today. Say, but she has got pretty dimples.

November 3, 1913—Justin got a swell ring today, so did the rest of the big fellows. It sure is noticeable.

November 26, 1913—That high school is starting to publish a newspaper and it beats the County Press all holler. Grace Buggee is the head push of it. She must be up on grammar in order to git that out. I'm going to buy one next time.

November 28, 1913—Don't know what to think about that game of football. Our boys played Algonac today. Tubby Lively knocked down a half dozen once he got started. Guess he don't mind the bumps. Cork Wonsey threw the ball a long ways and out of the cloud of dust came Chet Robertson, grabbed the ball and touched it clear — the field. The score was 13-12 and the fellows were so proud of Chet.

December 3, 1913—Miss Tallmadge had a feed for that class tonight. Games were heaps of fun and we couldn't see in very well but the piano playing was great and so was the singing.

February 21, 1914—Sleighride out to Chet's for that bunch again. The ride wasn't in it with the supper so the fellows said.

March 7, 1914—Just for once I'd like to be on the inside lookin' out. Tires my neck to see in the windows always but I do hate to miss the fun. 'Twas at Greenings this time and the party was Mrs Greening's and Miss Woodward's.

April 13, 1914—Never knew girls was such walkers. Lena Vories came to school in 15 minutes this morning. Guess that's a going some. She's most as good at it as Chas. Weston and pa says he is the greatest pedestrian a goin'.

May 3, 1914—Gladys and Ray W. passed me today. The long and short of it all—they never noticed me.

May 7, 1914—Justin has a name now—English Class Nuisance. Good for him. He got his seat changed and a scolding besides. Good for him.

May 13, 1914—Our high school baseball team is doing things to Algonac and Marine City. Chet is captain so he can boss them 'round.

May 24, 1914—Saw a dream tonight called Midsummer Nights. Justin was about to spear Bill Smith and Bill looked like he wanted to do the same. I stood up—but only a jiffy. Some smarty yelled sit down so I did. But Donna Mills did make a pretty fairy. She sure can sing. The girls were regular picture book girls. But I liked the dog best of all.

June 3, 1914—Eleanor Pearce is going to be a missionary the kids say. She's getting her practice over to the Baptist church.

June 6, 1914—There isn't any Wurtz's Dictionary after all. The kids just say that to Burmah because she is so good at explaining their problems to 'em.

June 8, 1914—No more candy to be bought at Declair's store by high schoolers. Glad I ain't one. Guess Mary and Grace will have to eat their breakfast before they go to school now.

June 9, 1914—I see Lois Miles watching the post office like she tho't some one would run off with it. Asked her what she was waitin' for one night and she said "Mercy, but you are sassy—take after your brother, don't you?"

June 12, 1914—Everybody's wishin' they wuz seniors. Now I know why. They don't have any more school 'till time for diplomas. Don't understand what they are but some day I'll know—if I git my grammar lessons.

June 15, 1914—Can't write any more. This is my last page and now the kids have quit school they won't be giving me their old note books. They are good books to write in and I like to write. Guess I'll save this 'till I'm real old and get to be a senior.

—CARL BAUMAN.

JACK AND JILL NURSERY RHYME

Jack accompanied by Jill ascended a high elevation of land. To procure an open vessel of wood with a handle, full of colorless, inodorous, transparent fluid.

Jack precipitated himself from an erect posture and fractured his cranium, and Jill descended violently after.

The Senior Class



President, Arthur Lively

Vice-President, Grace Buggee

Secretary-Treasurer, Gladys Greening

Arthur Lively, "Skinny"—

The largest and most popular president in high school is "Art" Lively. He is president of two of our greatest organizations, that is the S. C. H. S. Literary Society and the Senior Class, also captain of the football team. But that isn't all, for he owns a fine horse and rig and wins the teachers' smiles by taking them for rides nearly every day, besides driving "Miles" every evening.

Ruth Joachim—

Position in life is everything with Ruth. Why should a tall girl enjoy the back seat of the study hall and a front seat in the Congregational church? Send answer to "The Breeze."

Myron Smith, "Bill"—

Bill is a very quiet, bashful boy, but for your own sake do not get into any arguments with him, because he will defeat you whether you are right or wrong. You would readily believe this if you had ever heard his debate for "The Cause of Woman Suffrage."

Donna Mills—

Donna has sung her way into the hearts of her classmates but what distance she did not sing she giggled.

Chester Robertson, "Chet"—

There always was some class to "Chet." He will go to U. of M. this fall and become an electrical engineer, then he will return to St. Clair and operate the lights on a Cadillac car. So, here is to his success!

Ethel Douglass—

Ethel is one of our brown-eyed girls who has spent most of her time this spring watching the boats passing up and down St. Clair river. With such a shy little miss on shore we wonder how the boat still carries Carey.

Justin McCartney, "Jut."—

Among the musical members of our class Justin certainly stands in high rank. We readily believe that he could wind up a phonograph without serious injury to himself. "Jut." is also an expert huntsman. One week he caught one an one-half rabbits a day on an average. If he had not told us this himself, we would have had our doubts about the half a rabbit.

Lois Miles—

Lois is a student devoted to the study of German. She was always interested in German characters and especially in one whose name is Fritz. Because of the extra Ann Arbor mail force we do not believe that she will be long esteemed as one of that class of highly respected ladies known as "school marms."

Elenor Pearce—

Elenor is an awful chatterbox. It is impossible for the students sitting around her (especially Myron and Gladys) to study when she is in the room. We do not like to criticise her, but often she has talked for one whole minute during a study period.

Gladys Greening, "Grouch"—

Gladys will move far from the circle of St. Clair girls and become a freshman at the U. of M. next September. We hope she will sail through college with the same good times she has experienced here at school. But, just as a word of advice, she ought not interrupt the deliberations of the classes by asking foolish questions.

Burmah Wortz—

Burmah was always our shining light in mathematics. We expect she will make a great hit in "Ypsi" with her high I-D's and "therefore's" in trigonometry.

Lena Vories—

What a class this would be without Lena! Whenever there is anything artistic to be done, the cry is always, "Oh let Lena do it! She knows how to do everything!" So, here's to her success as a school teacher!

Mary Powrie—

Mary is a very serious girl and unless a joke is really worth while she never wastes a laugh. Cheer up Mary as Browning says. "The Best is yet to come."

There was a girl called Mary
Went strolling in February,
Said Mary, quiet daring,
Let's call at the minister's house
But Chet answered, "Nichts komme aus."

Carl Bauman, "Shimmel"—

Carl is the joker of our class. It seems funny that Cupid's dart has not yet pierced the soul of such a jolly boy, but he has often been seen casting sidelong glances at many a fair one, to see—, if the well-aimed paper wad had hit her, "Why Carl!"

Grace Buggee—

When for any occasion a poem, a composition, or an original idea is needed we call on Grace. It is her nature to work while the others play, to write while others sing, and if she does not like her portion, at least she does not let her companions know it.

THE SENIORS, ACCORDING TO THE FACULTY

Miss Buck: "Well, not one of you seniors will get a Christmas present of a mark with this quarter."

Miss Woodward: "A senior is a patent device for wasting time."

Miss Tallmadge: "I always felt that I could expect more from the SENIORS."

Miss Crittenden: "Well, it just seems to me that when people get to be seniors, they had ought to know something."

Mr. Keen's opinion is, that the seniors are such fine people that he can not find words to express himself, so he says nothing at all.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914

St. Clair high school has never yet been able to boast of such a class as we are. And why shouldn't she boast? Are we not fifteen in number? And were we not the first of junior classes to banquet the departing seniors? Then too, we introduced the class ring instead of the class pin which has been used every year since the founding of the school to the year 1914. Our girls were the first to wear Peter Thompson suits on Commencement night, and last and best we changed the order of the monotonous class day program held from year to year on Commencement night and had instead a lecture given by Rabbi Leo Franklin, of Detroit.



The Junior Class

Black, Howard H.—

“What mystery lies in thy deep brown eyes?”

Derr, Ella A.—

“Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.”

Earle, George N.—

“He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the
clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.”

Goldstein, Rose—

“What’s in a name? that which we call a rose
by any other name would smell as sweet.”

Hyslop, Gilbert Carl—

“Men of few words are the best men.”

Hendrick, Mary E.—

“The lisping maid,
In shine and shade,
Half elfin and half human.”

Harkness, Alberta E.—

“Be good and you’ll be lonesome.”

Klingler, Edna L.—

“The force of her own merit makes her way.”

Lindeman, Elenor S.—

“Most quaintly touching in her German tongue.”

Meade, Bruce S.—

“Oh prince of halest humor, wit and cheer.”

McMichael, Nellie—

“Fretting cares made my gray hairs.”

Porter, Ivah—

“May your shadow never grow less.”

Shaw, Kathleen Gladys—

“She never says a foolish thing,
Nor never does a wise one.”

Weeks, Emma Irene—

“In midnight gloom, shut in her room,
Her vigils she protracts,
E-en to the morning’s hectic bloom,
Accumulating facts.”

Wonsey, Ray Chester—

“If you would have the ball come your way, go after it.”

Vories, Mabel L.—

“Why should I my childish feets display?”



The Sophomore Class

The sophomore class of 1914, although somewhat diminished in numbers, still promises to be the most brilliant class ever graduated from the St. Clair high school. The members are:

Myrtle Butlin—"The only flower in the class."

Ralph Cox—"Herbert Layle's Rival."

Margaret Cleland—"Claude's Ideal."

Mae Englegau—"2 is company, 3 is a crowd, 4 in an auto is not allowed."

Herbert Finnegan—"Out again, in again, gone again, Finnegan." in reference to a fair lady's smiles.

Wililam Goldstein—"The Modern Socrates."

Grace Hayward—"Hard to please."

Carroll Jenks—"The English 'shark.'"

John Kenedy—"Honorable President."

Catherine Kenyon—"The acrobat."

Bernice Laffrey—"Bunny, the giggler."

Herbert Layle—"The Botany class wonder."

Louise Lightbody—"Weenie."

Anna McIvor—"The School Mam."

Catherine Petit—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Edith Pinger—"Victim of Catherine's Folly."

Edward Recor—"The Authority on Latest Fashions."

Alice Savage—"The Lady with the Beau."

Glen Scott—"A Dillor, a Dollar, a Ten O'clock Scholar."

Harry Smith—"Ask Smith, He Knows."

William West—"Amusement of the Caesar Class."

Claude Wolven—"The Artist."

Frances Zaetch—"Shark of the History Class."

TRANSLATIONS IN GERMAN

Grace B.: "Ulrich of Rudenz walked in, in his night dress." (knight)

Ethel D.: "He sank strengthless together."

Donna M.: "Tell began to ascend down the mountain,"



The Freshman Class

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

This is the freshman class of 1914. It is the brightest, jolliest and most orderly class that even entered the high school. Although one-fourth of these studious pupils come from the country it could never—no, never be called green.

The following roll added just names to the school register:

Helen Alleman
Delta Anderson
Helen Baldwin
Frank Benedict
Correta Berres
Ada Brines
Walter Brinker
Oswald Bush
Alice Crockard
Abbie Dewhirst
Frank Feske
Ruby Hyslop
Elmer Hyslop
Sylvia Jackson
Myrtle Jones
Edward Kelly
Alfred Kennedy

Helen Weil
Mate Wonsey
Hugo Kuhnlein
John Lano
McNaughton Lightbody
Francelia Lindeman
Olive Liscomb
Donald McIvor
Tena McIvor
Neil Mead
Walter Meiselbach
Marion Muhlitner
John Pinger
Clarence Smith
Albert Schroeder
Frances Thompson



The Eighth Grade

In Memory of
of
Alex. Kennedy

Class 1915

Died May 9th, 1914



*With faiths that come of self-control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul.*

---From "In Memoriam"

COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. F. S. Devona
Sunday evening, June 21,
Methodist Church
Seven-thirty

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Wednesday evening, June 24
Congregational Church
Eight o'clock

PROGRAM

Invocation	-	-	-	-	-	Rev. Wm. Todd
High School Chorus	-	-	-	-	-	"Summer"
Address	-	-	-	-	Rabbi	Leo M. Franklin
Girls' Chorus	-	-	-	-	-	a "Barcarolle"
	-	-	-	-	-	b "Merry June"
Presentation of Diplomas						
Benediction	-	-	-	-	-	Rev. Samuel Jennings

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

—and—

Senior Reception

Thursday evening, June 25
K. of P. Hall, eight o'clock

PROGRAM

Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Joachim
Address of Welcome	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur Lively
Class Poem	-	-	-	-	-	Grace Buggee
Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Pearce
Class History	-	-	-	-	-	Carl Baumann
Vocal Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Donna Mills
Reading	-	-	-	-	-	Gladys Greening
Class Prophecy	-	-	-	-	-	Lena Vories
Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Burmah Wortz
Valedictory	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Powrie
Class Song						

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

We have assembled here perhaps for the last time, as an organized class. We have enjoyed social gatherings while in high school, many of them. In entering upon the last of these in our high school life, it affords us, one and all, the most sincere pleasure to extend to our parents, teachers, friends and schoolmates an invitation to partake with us of this evening's enjoyments. We want you to share our pleasure and pride in our class program; to form new acquaintances; and possibly to renew older ones, and, finally, to strengthen the ties which draw us more closely together.

We feel honored by your presence here tonight and wish to thank you most sincerely for interest and friendship in the past and for your kind regards on this occasion.

To our parents we are thankful for your presence with us. By your efforts and sacrifices we have been enabled to complete our high school course. We extend to you a hearty welcome and assure that we shall ever try to show our appreciation for your zeal.

To those whose friendship has been proven true, and whose interest in us has often been shown by an encouraging word, we extend a cordial greeting. We bid our teachers a glad welcome, for to you we have looked as our guides. You have always met with us at our social gatherings and as this is the last privilege we will have of meeting you as a class, we hope you will have an enjoyable evening.

To our schoolmates with whom we have enjoyed our busy, happy school days, and with whom we have shared the joy and pleasure of the field and hours of interest in the class room we extend our best wishes and a most friendly greeting.

Permit me once more at this time to extend to one and all a sincere welcome. We wish everyone to enjoy this occasion and retain the most pleasant memories thereof. We want this assembly to be one of joy.



HIS BETTER SELF

CLASS POEM

It was in the very springtime of life,
A young lad turned from a school of books
And entered at once upon the school of strife.
Though glancing with longing at shady nooks,
He walked and worked on the straight, hard path.
And while he labored in noble deeds,
He felt an influence from afar
Which youth encounters but slowly heeds,
His Better Self was the gleaming star.

Boy stepped into a beautiful highway
When first he his journey long began.
He saw no obstacles to cause delay
But yet, as he with keenness, the way did scan,
He beheld no glory in that distant gleam.
He had thought only of the noblest deeds to attempt
And to reach his goal before the fall of night,
While, as farther and farther on he went,
He saw grow dim the beacon light.

Then lost in thought he felt the spell of a presence
And straining his ear, he heard a voice low and sweet—
"Young man, sorrow not, you are without experience
Rejoice rather that youth is yours, and greet
Me now with silence, but later thank by doing right.
This road is the path that ensnares youth;
With its musical sounds and gay joyous sights,
Truth and manly deeds it destroys, with games uncouth
It spreads before young life its vainest lights."

"But heed, lad, yonder lies a road rough and steep;
Rocky are the hills and the valleys broad and dark.
The ascents are toilsome and there's no time for sleep,

But in the distance one sees a mountain, mark!
That is the height of lasting fame,
Which will only be reached with endless work.
He who would scale its rocky heights
Must struggle and fight, must not his duty shirk
In recognizing his and other's rights.

"Now be a man and yourself make strong."
With no further words the voice was still
And again Boy trod alone, the road so long.
But slowly, only step by step he went, until
At times, he toiled all unavailingly,
And his great strength would seem to leave him.
But always he thought of those parting words, "Be
strong."
Even though the way was bare and dim
And his course up the mountain seemed almost wrong.

"But being a man means strong self denial,"
He said to himself in the midst of the strife.
His feet grew heavy and his brain meanwhile,
Fought and wrestled with doubt; and life
Grew weary with bearing his and his brother's load.
As he stood bewildered, in the land of despair,
A spirit, before unseen, began to appear
And he beheld a transformation rare—
The gloom was gone and the air was clear.

Then Boy turned to view from the steep hillside
His distant goal, the treasured mountains of fame,
But he saw not his former emblems of pride,
They had changed and were hardly the same,
They had become resplendent with noble deeds,
While from the summits shone a light
Which illumined his presence with radiance bright
And at his side, in his image he saw revealed
The nobler spirit of his Better Self.

—GRACE BUGGEE.

PROPHECY

When our class graduated in 1914 each member promised that in 1924 he would write to every other member of the class. We could easily foresee what interesting revelations these letters would be. Today, ten years after our graduation, I have received almost every one of those fourteen letters. They come from all parts of the earth and I'm going to spend the evening reading them. Here's one clear from India. It is from Eleanor Pearce. She says:

Dear Lena: Remembering our promise made in 1914, I will write my first letter to you. I have been here in India six years and it seems as though my work has just begun. Next year I shall return to the United States to go on the Chautauqua platform for the cause of foreign missions. Our aim is to raise a million dollars for the education of the Indian children. It is a big undertaking but I think the effort worth while.

Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR.

We all knew Eleanor would do something good out in the world. This letter is from Arthur Lively. Wonder what he is doing.

New York City, June 22, 1924.

Dear Lena: Much as I hate to write letters I suppose I must keep my promise and write these fourteen.

Well, here I am in little old New York and I'm having the time of my life. Just let me tell you, this is the place for me. One can't get bored when he can go to a horse show or aviation meet almost every day in the year. I've just about decided that a horse is too slow for me and I'm going to get one of those flying machines. It will be real handy when I want to run over to my place on Long Island.

Well, so long, I've only got eleven more letters to write.

ART.

H'm! same old Art! Wonder how many girls he'll go to see in his flying machine. The next letter is postmarked San

Francisco but I don't recognize the handwriting. Why! it's from Grace Buggee.

Dear Lena: I am away out here in San Francisco, working as usual, you'll be surprised though, when I tell you what I'm doing. After my experience as editor of the "Breeze," I thought that my dreams would all be realized if I could just be an editor of some big paper, but after landing the editorship of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, I stayed only five years, then retired from the force, as I felt that newspaper work was too hard on my nerves.

Then I joined a moving picture company and now I'm playing the star part in two plays a week at a nice comfortable salary.

Yours in haste,

GRACE.

Well, of all things! To think of our dignified Grace being a moving picture star! That's far removed from the future I should have predicted for her.

This letter is postmarked Germany and I think it's from Burmah.

Dear Lena: * * * * Well, I'll skip this first part and go on. * * * *

Not very long after I graduated, I came over here to Deutschland to study the German language and to study the home life of the German people. During my travels through the country I met a pleasant and handsome young student and, to make a long story short, I **now** have the very best chance to study German home life. William had an estate near the Rhine and we took up our residence there. You couldn't find a happier home in all Europe.

Lebe wohl,

BURMAH.

Here is a scrawl that resembles Justin's of old.

Dear Lena: I suppose you are just melting from the heat but up here in Alaska we have short summers and long cold winters. The hunting is great! Of course in summer there is the gold prospecting but the winter and **hunting** beats it all hollow both in profits and the fun of the thing.

JUSTIN McCARTNEY.

(Telephone rings.)

"Hello, hello.

* * * * *

Yes, this is Lena Vories.

* * * * *

Why,! Ruth Joachim; where are you?

* * * * *

In Detroit buying stock! What for?

* * * * *

Well, what kind of establishment are you running?

* * * * *

Oh! just evening wraps and dresses. In what city are you located?

* * * * *

Emmett? Well, that's not very far away. Why don't you ever come to St. Clair and talk over old times? Did you hear about the high school building collapsing a while ago? They're putting up a new \$40,000 one on the old site. Mr. Keen is bossing the job.

* * * * *

Oh, you've got to go? Awfully glad you called me up. Do come and see me. Goodbye.

This is Mary's letter, I'll read it next.

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Lena: Here's where you get two letters in one. Chester thinks it a great joke as he lets me do all the writing and he sits by and laughs.

You know Chester is the football coach of the Harvard squad and although he is crazy about his boys he worries me half to death as I'm always afraid he'll get hurt when he's showing them some new play.

We have a darling little bungalow on the edge of the campus and if you ever come east you must run down to Cambridge and visit us.

Lovingly yours,

MARY POWRIE ROBERTSON.

Well, Mary, I certainly shall! Mary did make such delicious bread and cake in the old days.

Where's Donna's letter? Oh, here it is—I wonder what she's doing.

Capac, Mich.

Dear Lena: If you could only see me now. It's the simple life from now on for me. We have just got fairly settled on our 640 acre farm out here. We tried living in a flat in Detroit for several years but finally moved back to the farm. Now I am learning how to feed the chickens and calves and how to cook succotash and can fruit and I enjoy every minute of the day. But don't think that we stay home all the time. I haven't given up **all** my desire for good times. We often take long cross country runs in our machine. Next week we are going to drive up to St. Clair for the alumni banquet so I will see you then.

DONNA.

P.S.—Oh, I never told you who I married, did I. Well, his initials are C. W.—guess who he is!

(Picks up another envelope—reads from corner) “If not called for in ten days, return to Smith & Earle, Law Office, Woodward Ave., Detroit. “Why! that must be Myron. And “Earle”—that is surely George Earle in partnership with him.

Dear Lena: I'll come right down to facts as I'm very busy just at this season, with a number of civil cases to prepare.

I hung out my shingle in 1920 after finishing the law course at U. of M. and being admitted to the bar. I have built up an exclusive practice here in Detroit and am now fairly on my feet. Of course, I only handle certain cases, the greater number being breach of promise suits. I find these pay best and as I always charge as my fee four-fifths of the money transferred, I manage to put away a little every month for a rainy day.

Yours respectfully,

MYRON.

(Boy enters delivering night letter. Tears open and reads):

Am too busy for letters. Have a large practice as eye specialist in Toledo. Like it immensely. Come and see me.

ETHEL DOUGLASS.

Ethel, an eye doctor! Well! well!

This is a man's handwriting—why yes—it's Carl's.

Dear Lena: Am in a terrible hurry. Am playing two performances a day in Weber, Bauman and Field's minstrels. We give a charity performance in St. Clair, July 1st, for the benefit of a new high school. The old one just naturally tumbled down.

Yours truly,

CARL.

Now for Gladys'.

It hardly seems necessary for me to write a letter to you as I live so close to you. Last summer Miss Woodward went to Europe for a couple of years' rest and travel and I am taking her place on the faculty of the St. Clair high school. I do not think she will teach any more as I think she has something better in view.

You can't imagine how queer it seems up here at the high school. Just think, Justin Munger and Franklin Moore are seniors this year. I'm sure my junior English class is the worst ever. They're so full of mischief and they're always up to something.

Yours truly,

GLADYS.

And last of all is Lois' letter with a foreign stamp, too.

Hello Vories: Fritz is growling terribly because I am writing all these letters and he wants to go out and see the sights. I just told him he could wait a couple of hours for me as I've waited several years for him.

We were married the first of May and then we ran away to Europe for our honeymoon. We are doing London this week. Last week we did Paris but I doubt if either one of us knew but what we were in Venice or Berlin. But it really didn't matter, did it?

LOIS.

Why! it's eight o'clock. I must get off to that suffragette club banquet. What a nuisance it is being president of a club. I'd like to stay right here and read these letters all over again.

—LENA VORIES.

VALEDICTORY

Dear Friends, Parents, Teachers and Classmates:

Let us consider for a time a subject which is dear to us all.—Friendship. In studying friendship Emerson says: "When it is real it is not glass threads and frostworks but the solidest thing we know." We have some very notable examples of friendship in both history and literature.

In the ancient world of Greece and Rome there lived two men who loved each other dearly, Achilles and Patroclus. They were indeed real friends and each one would willingly have died to save the life of the other. They fought side by side in the Trojan war and when Patroclus was killed, Achilles though smitten with grief, vowed vengeance because of his death.

Among prominent men of literature occur many real friendships. One of the most notable is that deep and sincere friendship which existed between Tennyson and Hallam. This friendly feeling commenced while at Trinity College, Cambridge and lasted until death. Shortly after Hallam's death and in memory of him Tennyson wrote one of his greatest poems "In Memoriam." Friendships such as these are indeed real and enviously looked upon by others.

But let us study friendship for a while and ask ourselves the question "What is Friendship?" There are many different ideas as to what it is yet using the words of Webster it is, "the affection, arising between persons from mutual esteem and good will." Mr. Clay Trumbull also defines friendship as "the love for another because of what the other is in himself."

It is not necessary for friendship to exist between two similar characters but each party must be capable of completely understanding the other. If this is not true, real friendship does not exist.

The two great elements of friendship are Truth and

Tenderness. Emerson says "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere." To bring persons into close relationship with ourselves we must be true and not avoid or ward off the approach of our fellowman by compliments and praise.

The other element Tenderness is as great as Truth and contains much that can not be written. Some one has said: "Can another be so blessed and we so pure as to offer him tenderness?" When a person becomes dear to us we have touched the goal of fortune. The essence of tenderness and friendship is entireness and trust and it must not surmise or provide for infirmity.

Through all our school life we have applied these elements of friendship, although quietly and unconsciously. Each day the friendly relations about us have found us closer together. The same friendly feeling acquired during our school life can be carried with us to our fellowmen in that larger school of life. One writer has said, "If we would have friends we must remember that friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend; in loving, not in being loved" and to do this it will call forth the best that is in us.

Dear Parents and Friends, you, who have been so true and helpful to us when temptations were the greatest, will long be remembered and our sincere and grateful thoughts shall be of you.

And dear Teachers, you, who have guided us safely through all the rough and rocky ways, you who have stood patiently by us and helped us to do the right, to you we extend our sincere gratitude.

Dear Schoolmates, you Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, with whom we have spent many happy days of our school life, we regret that we must be severed from you. May fortune smile upon you and brighten your life.

And last of all to you, dear Classmates, may I say let the friendships which have been formed during our school life be carried with us into that school of life and may we gain many more friends according to our sincerity and truth.

As we meet here probably for the last time we realize that there opens out to us new paths and it is for us to decide on what path we shall make our journey of life.

It is my sincere wish that each one of us may choose the way that will be most useful and helpful to our fellowman.

—MARY POWRIE.

BASE BALL SEASON

1914

At an enthusiastic baseball meeting held in April about twenty candidates reported. Manager, Captain and Treasurer were elected and then some teams were suggested for the 1914 schedule which was to be arranged at once.

After a week of hard practice the following players were chosen from the candidates:

Robertson, 2nd Base, Captain; Smith, C. F.; McCartney, P.; Wonsey, 1st Base; G. Hyslop, L. F.; Goldstein, S. S.; Benedict, C.; Lano, 3rd Base; Schraeder, R. F.; E. Hyslop, R. F.; Lightbody, L. F.



Baseball Team

First row: Schroeder, L. F.; Goldstein, S. S.; E. Hyslop, L. F.

Second row: G. Hyslop, R. F.; Robertson, 2B., Capt.;

Lano, 3B.; Smith, C. F.

Third row: Wonsey, 1B.; McCartney, P.; Benedict, C.

RICHMOND VS. ST. CLAIR

On April 11 the St. Clair boys played their first game on their home grounds and won by a score of 8 and 3. St. Clair played good ball only one ball going through the infield. The Richmond pitcher was taken for twelve hits and McCartney only allowed two hits.

ST. CLAIR VS. RICHMOND

On April 24th the St. Clair boys journeyed to Richmond and played the worst game of the season, being defeated by a score of 14 to 1. The field was wet and Richmond started scoring in the first inning while St. Clair scored her first and only run in the eighth inning.

ALGONAC VS. ST. CLAIR

The following Friday St. Clair was the scene of an awful slugging bee, both teams were slamming the ball but in the end St. Clair was on top with a score of 12 to 10.

MARINE CITY VS. ST. CLAIR

After winning from Algonac, St. Clair took a brace and defeated Marine City on May 8th, 16 and 9. In the last two innings only six men faced McCartney and five of these struck out and the other hit a pop fly to Goldstein.

ST. CLAIR VS. ALGONAC

On May 15th St. Clair took a little trip to Algonac and still kept up their winning streak, defeating Algonac 10 to 9. St. Clair had a very bad scare in the last inning when the Algonac team scored five runs but they stopped the rally in time to avoid an overtime game.

ST. CLAIR VS. MARINE CITY

May 22nd the St. Clair boys went to Marine City and again proved themselves victors over Marine. McCartney had the Marine batters at his mercy until the ninth inning when they took him for three scores. Errors behind the St. Clair pitcher helped Marine's scoring chances. The final score was, St. Clair 10, Marine 5.

ST. CLAIR VS. HIGHLAND PARK

After winning four straight victories the St. Clair boys tackled a team that had never been on the schedule before. Although they were defeated they made a very good showing.

In the first part of the eighth inning St. Clair led by a score of 7 and 2 but in the last part of that they had a little hard luck and six runs were scored by Highland Park. In the ninth they scored their winning run by a pass and two singles. The final score was 9 and 7.

PORT HURON VS. ST. CLAIR

On June 5th St. Clair tackled their hardest game as Port Huron had only been defeated once this season. McCartney and Lano both pitched good ball and struck out Port Huron's two best batters, one twice, the other once, thus bringing their averages down about fifty points. St. Clair had three chances to score, the best coming in the ninth with the bases full and only one man gone and the hardest hitter up. He hit a long fly to the outfield and the next man was out on an easy roller to the short stop. Port Huron got twelve hits and St. Clair seven hits. The final score was 11 to 0 in Port Huron's favor.

HIGHLAND PARK VS. ST. CLAIR

St. Clair played her last game on the home grounds June 10th and lost to Highland Park 9 and 2. Nearly every ball the St. Clair batters hit went straight at somebody. McCartney was hit hard but not a man reached first in the last two innings when Lano relieved McCartney.

FOOT BALL

1913

When the school bell rang on the morning of Sept. 2, 1913, there was a joyous crowd of boys assembled on the north side of the school. In the different conversations, football held undisputed sway. Soon after a meeting was called, for all enthusiastic athletes. An association was formed.

Soon after the organization of the association, the 1912 veterans, and the younger aspirants to gridiron fame, responded to Capt. Lively's call. Soon after a game was played with Marine City, and the defeat of 12 to 2, showed our weaknesses.

The S. C. H. S. boys journeyed to Algonac the following week and the hard training showed up, by defeating Algonac by a score of 13-0. Two weeks later in a return game with

Algonac, the Blue and Red triumphed over the opponents by a score of 13-12.

Next came the journey to Richmond, which ended in a disaster and defeat for the visiting team. In this game our end, Robertson, suffered a broken leg, which put him out of the game to the end of the season. Injuries to other players in the 33-0 defeat of St. Clair, put many out of the game.

FOOTBALL LINE UP

Wonsey, R. H.
Morrison, L. H.
Schouman, Q. B.
Lively, F. B.
Crampton, C.
Baumann, L. G.

Hyslop, L. T.
Robertson, L. E.
Benedict, R. E.
Smith, R. T.
Wolvin, R. G.
McCartney.

Basset.



The Football Team

S. C. H. S. GIRLS' BASKET BALL



Lena Vories, Jumping Center
 Mate Wonsey, Guard Catherine Petit, Guard
 Gladys Greening, Runing Center Donna Mills, Forward
 Carrol Jenks, Forward



The Lovers, "Midsummer Night's Dream"

SENIOR PLAY

The Shakespearean play "Midsummer Night's Dream," given by the Seniors April 24 and 25 was a great success.

The artistic, sentimental and the humorous elements of the comedy appealed to the various moods of the audience.



The Fairies, "Midsummer Night's Dream"



The Clowns, "Midsummer Night's Dream"

"THE COLONIAL PARTY"

In February, 1914, the fifth meeting of the S. C. H. S. Literary Society was held at the high school building.

For this meeting, invitations were sent out to the mothers of the pupils of the high school. But instead of having a regular program as usual, it was changed into a Colonial Birthday party. Refreshments were served and appropriate toasts were responded to, which brought to mind many interesting incidents concerning the lives of the notable people presented, who were as follows: George Washington, Martha Washington, Betsy Ross, Nancy Hanks, Abraham Lincoln, Sir Launfal, Longfellow and William Jennings Bryan.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

On June 22, 1914, the Junior class gave the annual banquet in honor of the class of 1914, in the Baptist church parlors. Places were laid for thirty-eight guests at the prettily appointed banquet table. Professor P. M. Keen presided as toastmaster, and members of the faculty and of the two classes, entertained the company with appropriate toasts. A number of pleasing musical selections were rendered between courses.

EXAMINATION DELIGHTS

Freshie Delights

Take all examination questions that were used this year by Sophies, see that each one is perfect in form and shape, put in stew pan and stew for three hours over slow fire. Pour out and cut in dainty shapes, wrap in paraffined paper, put in Miss Talmadge's cupboard to harden. If stewed over again in four months they will be greatly appreciated by exam. hungry Freshies.

Exam. Creams

Two ounces of ish kabibble, ten drams of smelling salts, and exam. questions boiled quickly for fifteen minutes, then sweeten to taste with Miss Buck's dimples, remove from fire, pour out on buttered plates, cut in cubes and if you feel ill effects of this tonic Monday morning, the faculty will take it into consideration when marking the papers.

Junior Jumbles

Take all the formulas of chemistry, the car ferry note books, one hundred pounds of "Ich liebe dich," and algebra class record and melt thoroughly in sauce pan over a slow fire, pour out on buttered platters. When cool cut in squares and serve to next year's Juniors.

Sophomore Surprises

Boil quickly for fifteen minutes all the questions of bugology, the fundamental image of the author of English 10, the proofs that prove that geometry is a book of horrors, the campaigns of the members of the Caesar class, and Medieval History dates, although the ones of 1914 can be used, pour out in shallow pans, cut in squares when cool, and serve to the knowledge craving Sophomores.

Teachers' Tutti-Frutti

Take all the x y z's of algebra, one dozen freshly prepared whys of physiography, half dozen geometry theorems, the members of the German II class, the whys and wherefores of the physics tests, stewed for an hour and served with an S. C. H. S. dressing, made by melting the senior co-ed's smiles with the best exam marks that it is possible to obtain. If this recipe makes too much for Tuesday, it can be warmed over Wednesday.

Seniors' Chocolate Drops

Put the Physics laws, Mid-Summer Night's Dream, the members of Jackson's kitchen cabinet and the review questions in a double boiler and boil until mixture becomes brittle when tested in cold water. Drop on buttered paper with teaspoon and bake in moderate oven ten minutes.

Exam. Dessert

Beat until smooth, their extra eyes, twenty ounces of headaches, two dozen blue marking pencils, one hundred pounds of examination paper. Put in oven over the furnace and bake four days. Serve this along with the report cards.

Freshies' Frappe

Put twelve pounds of the yellow paper used for written lessons in algebra, one dozen large English rules, the life history of Alexander the Great, two dozen physiography definitions, and the Latin text books in oven and brown for fifteen minutes. Then serve to freshmen of next year.

High School Hash

Stir briskly, one dozen freshmen, seven sophomores, one-half-dozen juniors, three seniors until well mixed and bake until brown. Frost with an icing made of finely ground yellow paper and sprinkle over the top with science exam. questions. Put in cold storage until next winter.

—MARGARET CELLAND.

THINGS WE WERE NOT HIRED TO TELL

1. That Walter M. had a stiff neck caused by carrying his head too high.
 2. That President Lively had to stay home one morning because a shadow fell on his foot and broke a bone.
 3. That Carl Bauman was seized with lockjaw in physics review.
 4. That Mr. Keen became so interested in looking over solid geometry papers, that he forgot to go home to dinner!!
 5. That Myron Smith has had several, though not serious fractures of the heart caused by falling in love.
 6. That Gladys G. was seized with a fit of giddiness and was given permission to leave German class.
-

INSEPARABLES

Miss Crittenden and Miss Buck.
Justin and his mischief.
Carl and his philosophy.
Carrol and Caesar.
Grace B. and inky fingers.
Ralph Cox and his dignity.
Claude and har! har!
Glen S. and his books.
Mr. Keen's hands and pockets.
Donna and a giggle.
Gilbert and winning ways.
Ethel D. and side-long glances.
Arthur Lively and the President's chair.
Sophomores and red marks.

NURSERY RHYMES

Hark! Hark! how the Seniors talk,
But the teachers are coming around,
Some to the heroes, some to the zeroes,
Some on duty bound.

There was a sorrowful senior
Passed under the maple tree,
She wept and sighed from morn 'till night,
No lass as sad as she.

And this, the burden of her sighs
Forever used to be,
I love Fred who's far away
And Frederick he loves me.

Humpty Dumpty started for his seat,
Humpty Dumpty encountered some feet;
Though he summoned his energy to direct his limbs,
He struggled like one who is learning to swim.

Donna Mills, Donna Mills, wilt thou be quiet?
Thou shalt no more chew gum,
And shall be put on a diet,
But sit by yourself and study your lesson
With not even a stick of candy zu essen.

Mary has a little smile,
It follows her to classes.
She turns it on her teachers, dear.
Do you wonder that she passes?

"GRINDS"

Miss Crittenden: "Compare the appearance of Grant and Lee."

Bill Smith: "Well, all Grant had on, was an old blue union suit, and—"

Gladys: "Say, can any one in this class tell me if wool grows in pods."

Lois: "Well, if Myron would work that problem with his feet first he might get the right answer."

Francis T.: (translating Latin) "The horse was tardy."

Freshie: (Catching a glance of a senior exam. paper)
"Do all the seniors write their exams. in blue pencil?"

Miss Woodward: (quoting from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village") "The noisy geese just let loose from school."

Mate: "As he sank for the second time a man came running with a board fence."

Lena: "Was his hat tea-colored?"

Chet: (absent-mindedly) "What did she say about my Hattie?"

Miss Crittenden: "Carl, will you please sit still and listen?"

Shimmel: "How can I listen when there isn't any noise?"

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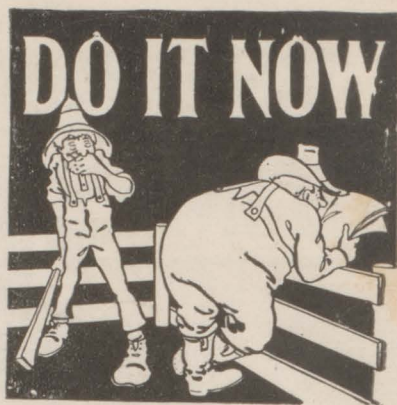
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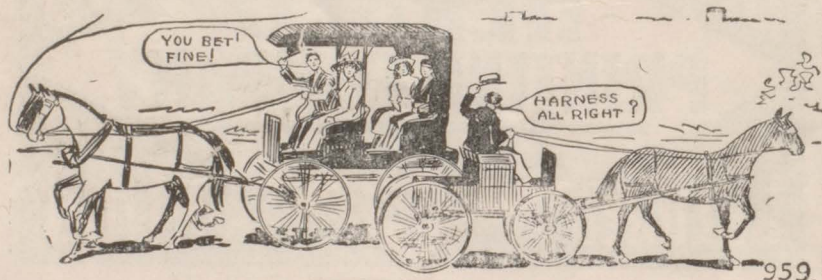


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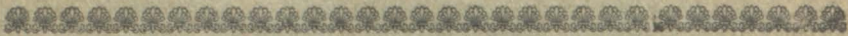
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